UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Taxing Power vs. Social Ends
- - - - - *Isadore A. Blanch*

Regimentation - - - *Ira H. Frantz*

Some Observations on Germany with a Side Glance at Geneva - - *Tracy Strong*

Forward, Indian Americans!
- - - - *Elaine Goodale Eastman*

Stray Thoughts on Stray Themes
- - - - *Synnove Larsen Baasch*

Little Glimpses of American Life
- - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

Trumpets on New Horizons

VOLUME CXVII NUMBER 12

Chicago, August 17, 1936

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Semi-Monthly Until Further Notice

Subscription $3.00 Single Copies 15 cents

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter May 24, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 223
ARTICLES—
Selected—SIR ARTHUR THOMSON 223
The Taxing Power vs. Social Ends—ISADORE A. BLANCH 226
Regimentation—IRA H. FRANTZ 228
Some Observations on Germany with a Side Glance at Geneva—TRACY STRONG 229
Forward, Indian Americans!—ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN 230
Stray Thoughts on Stray Themes—SYNNOVE LARSEN BAASCH 232
Little Glimpses of American Life—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 234
POETRY—
Child of Poverty—LESLIE SAVAGE 231
TRUMPETS ON NEW HORIZONS—
Litany—FRANCES SMITH JOHNSON 237
The Bundle of Life—GRACE CONNER HARRIS 237
Vision—LUCIA MORSE RIMBACH 237
Unter Den Linden, 1935—JAMES I. JACOBS 237
Ghost of Rome—CHARLES GUSTAV GIRELIUS 237
New Chains—NOUREDDIN ADDIS 237
THE STUDY TABLE—
A Handful of Unity Poets—RALPH CHEYNEY 238
Selected Shakespeare—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 238
Book Notes—GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE 239
CORRESPONDENCE—
From Beyond the Equator—SIDNEY STRONG 239
THE FIELD—
The Right to Sanctuary—ELLEN HORUP 222

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Right to Sanctuary

Ellen Horup

"You don't ask the unfortunate: What country do you come from or what religion do you profess. You say to him: You are suffering, that is enough! You belong to me and I will ease your pains." —*Pasteur.*

It is bad enough that people have discovered how to exterminate each other by so and so many tons of poison gas and explosives to the square mile, so that all that is called Life in a city becomes, in the twinkling of an eye, turned into Death.

Fascism, with its sadistic torture and its doctrine of the right to be ruthless, is worse.

But worst of all is the fact that the majority of people, who are neither bloodthirsty nor revengeful, ruthless nor sadistic, treat both gas warfare and Fascism as necessary evils. Yet they are together a madness which like a pestilence is crossing all frontiers and infecting all nations. And there is no doubt that the situation is growing worse. Instead of unravelling, the knots are getting tighter. The madness has already gone so far that people are to be found who were born into the world but are refused even so much ground as their two feet can occupy.

In Geneva, in the course of one night, we have seen that a man was put over the Franco-Swiss frontier five times. Directly the French *gendarme* had got him across, the Swiss put him back again. If no solution has been arrived at, he is probably still continuing to cross the frontier. Only birds can live in the air.

In Denmark we heard of a similar case. It was that of a man who could not come on shore. Each time the ship berthed he was locked up. No country would have him; but he did at least have the water where he could sail.

Neither of these men was a criminal. Neither of them was ill or in quarantine. Both were probably victims of governments which deprive political opponents of their right to set foot on the earth by confiscating their papers. But they were examples of yet another thing: that it is not only Fascist governments but also democratic ones in which there is something wrong.

One of the most beautiful phrases

(*Continued on page* 240)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVII MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1936 No. 12

THE SUPREME MIND

"Throughout the World of Animal Life there are expressions of something akin to the mind in ourselves. There is from the Amoeba upwards a stream of inner, of subjective, life; it may be only a slender rill, but sometimes it is a strong current. It includes feeling, imagining, purposing, as well as occasionally thinking. It includes the Unconscious. Whether in the plant it dreams, or is soundly sleeping, or has never awakened, who can tell us? Perhaps Organic Beauty is always what it is sometimes—the mind shining through the flesh. The omnipresence of mind in animals gives us a fellow-feeling with them. With Emerson we see 'the worm, striving to be a man, mount through all the spires of form.' We see the growing emancipation of mind, and this gives Evolution its purpose. The system of Animal Nature is instinct with mind, and it is this system which led to man, the measurer, in whose mirror it becomes ever more intelligible. And as we must agree with the Aristotelian dictum that in a continuous process there can be nothing in the end which was not also present in kind in the beginning, we are led from our own mind, and the story of its enfranchisement, back and back to the Supreme Mind 'without whom there was nothing made that was made.' Facing everyday things in the World of Life, around which our scientific fingers will not meet, what can we do but repeat what is carved on the lintel of the Biology Buildings of one of the youngest and strongest of American universities: 'Open Thou Mine Eyes That I May Behold Wondrous Things Out of the Law'."—Sir Arthur Thomson, in *The Great Design, Edited by Frances Mason.*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE UNITY FAMILY CONTINUES!

Our campaign for new subscribers is bringing results. More and more of the Unity family are sending in, day after day, new names, with money for subscriptions in their interest, and so our subscription list keeps growing. This is a sure upturn, a real recovery, prosperity come back again. That is, if the present trend continues! A few friends cannot double our total of subscribers, any more than a few swallows can make a summer. Everybody must join in, like voices lifted in chorus, if the jubilant result is to be obtained. So we call to each and every member of the Unity family—*send in your new subscribers!* You are our agents. We have no others. But you are enough, if you do your part to help us on!

LANDON AND THE CONSERVATIVES

Governor Landon's acceptance speech was hardly great oratory. His supporters found comfort in what they called the simple, homespun character of the utterance. But the speech had real significance in the sense that it committed Republican candidate and party unreservedly to the conservative side of current issues. Landon's discussion of governmental policy toward recovery, his attitude toward labor, his appeal for "free competition" in industry, all looked in the same direction—toward that traditional America which is still dear to the hearts of so many of our citizens. These will unquestionably rally to the Landon banner, regardless of party, conservative Democrats along with conservative Republicans. On the other hand, liberals and radicals of every variety will turn away. Progressive Republicans, for example, will unquestionably follow Norris and La Follette into the Roosevelt camp. Only the southern states and the New York *Times*, wholly unsympathetic with Roosevelt, will still support the Democrats because with these, in the last analysis, partisanship is stronger than all conviction. The Landon candidacy, in other words, will have one great and beneficent result. It will cut sharp and clean the line of division between conservatives and radicals, and thus achieve what is the genius and justification of any two-party system—namely, a true organization of Left and Right. That the Right will become solidly aligned with Landon, we cannot doubt. The Left, of course, is hopelessly divided between the President, who, as he himself has said, is "just left of center," Norman Thomas, Socialist, Earl Browder, Communist, and the undefinable Lemke. But with the conservatives at last united, there must gradually come a drawing together of the radicals into a genuine Farmer-Labor Party which will achieve at last some such lineup of political forces as we see in England, where Tories stand face to face with Laborites. Whatever the outcome of this campaign, we believe its progress will work a new chapter in American political history.

THE RABBLE-ROUSERS

We confess to a growing alarm as we view the rabble-rousers (grand phrase!) who are loose in this country today. Some time ago we suggested in these columns that these political roisterers had shot their bolt, and we still think that the passing of this election will see their end. But meanwhile they are doing dreadful damage in sowing distrust, fostering prejudice,

and stirring up hate; and if this country should by any chance slip into renewed economic disaster, these men would be in their element, and challenge the nation as Satan challenged God. The Reverend Gerald Smith, so we are told, is counting definitely upon being America's "Fuehrer" in what he considers her hour of approaching collapse. A demagogue of the first order of passion and unscrupulous purpose, he could sweep the masses, as the wind a wheatfield, if he once got loose. Father Coughlin is even worse than Smith. A rabble-rouser as potent on the air as his Protestant confrére is potent on the platform, the priest of Detroit is possessed by an ambition perfectly matched by cunning and wild conceit. Dr. Townsend is not in the same class with these two sowers of the wind, but his very innocence and sincerity betray him to their uses. Lemke, fortunately, has little demagogic ability, but his "crackpot" financial ideas are like a destroying pestilence in an hour of popular unrest. Then, in the background, lurk men of the type of Talmadge of Georgia, and Curley of Massachusetts. It is a sobering thought that these men are products of south and north, west and east, city and country. It is still more sobering to note that religion is a central feature of their lives. Gerald Smith is a fundamentalist Protestant minister, as Coughlin is a Roman Catholic priest. Dr. Townsend is a pious Christian, and his recent assembly in Cleveland was more like an evangelistic revival than a political convention. Talmadge exhorted all the churches to pray for rain in the recent drought in Georgia. What's the matter with Christianity that it produces rabble-rousers of this type? We don't wonder, in the face of such a spectacle, that our Communist friends denounce religion, and call for its extinction as a condition of human progress.

SHALL FATHER COUGHLIN BE SILENCED?

Reports that Father Coughlin's recent performances are deeply disturbing the Vatican, and that the Pope may discipline the Detroit priest, raise interesting questions of practice and principle. What shall be done with this man? If we were a Roman Catholic and loved the Church, to say nothing of Christianity, we would be praying that the Holy Father might rebuke Coughlin with a blast which would seal his lips forever. Never in our time has the Church, or any church, been so discredited as by this pious demagogue. It fills one with shame to think of the great and heroic Father McGlynn, years ago silenced and suppressed for his noble political activities, and this radio priest still permitted by his ecclesiastical superiors to rave on. But—we are *not* a Roman Catholic! Which means that we do not accept, nor in any sense believe in, the principle of authority which is central in the administration of Christendom's Mother Church. If the radio company should deny Father Coughlin the use of its broadcasting service, or if the Federal Radio Commission should order him "off the air," or if the United States government should use its police power to silence him, we would be outraged. We should say that this was a denial of those very principles of liberty which are central in the life of this republic, and therefore sacred. And if we feel this way about civil authority, why not the same about ecclesiastical authority? Is it not just as wrong for his archbishop, or the Pope himself, to suppress Father Coughlin, as for the President or the courts to suppress him? We think so. Free speech means exactly that—*free speech!* Hence do we deprecate these rumors from Rome. There is only one way to handle Father Coughlin, and that is to drive him from the pulpit and platform with the whiplashes of outraged public opinion. Let him talk till the very horizons echo with his blatant speech, but let him also be answered with rebukes from a million lips until for very shame he dare not show his face or lift his voice before the American people. The citizens of this country ask dignity, truth, honor from their leaders. Therefore, in the long run, need no authority, either of church or state, interfere. This problem will solve itself in due course.

IS RUSSIA REVERTING TO TYPE?

Along with the new Soviet Constitution, which promises to enroll Russia among the political democracies of the world, with civil rights equal to those enjoyed in England and America, it may be well to note certain fundamental legal changes now going forward affecting the customs and habits of the people. Most conspicuous among these recent changes are those which have to do with sexual and marital relations. In the early days of the revolution, there was an instant relaxation of all restrictions upon the sexes, exactly as in the old revolutionary days in France a century and a half ago. It is important to emphasize that the state never gave up its control of marriage, divorce, etc., and that free love was *not* the established status. But marriage became so informal and divorce so easy that it seemed as though license had been substituted for law, and there is no question that for a time there was widespread sexual laxity. Furthermore, there was the legalization of abortion, and that was a startling thing. So, all in all, the situation was sensational in Russia. Conventional folk everywhere were scandalized, but radicals celebrated loudly and exultantly the emancipation of the race. But now the pendulum has apparently swung with a bang to the other side. We do not pretend to know the details of new legislation in this field, for we have not seen the laws. But, so far as we can judge, everything in Russia is suddenly becoming old fashioned and bourgeois again. Marriage is established on a basis strikingly similar to that in capitalistic countries. Divorce has once again become a court proceeding, with power of

decision removed from the will of the individual to the consent of the state. Alimony—horror of horrors! —is once more recognized in the interest of wives. And, as a final climax, abortion is prohibited. What has happened? Is Russia in the hands of reaction? Is Communism reverting to type? Louis Fischer, in the *Nation,* long a thick-and-thin defender of the Soviets, is disgusted. He calls the new laws "a blot on Moscow's inspiring record for advanced social legislation." But we are not so sure! We are more inclined to think that Russia has learned some basic truths about human nature, and that, Communism or no Communism, there are realities in marital and sex relations in society which were discovered ages ago, and are changed at a nation's peril.

THE SPANISH REVOLT

We went to a movie the other night, and witnessed stirring pictures of the fighting in Spain. In the background all the while was the interpreter's voice telling not of the episodes of the revolt, but of the gallantry of the heroic men who were rising up to rescue their country from the rule of the "Reds." It makes a difference, doesn't it, who is rebelling against whom? If anybody starts a revolution against our crowd, it's terrible; but if the revolution is directed against a perfectly stable, orderly, and intelligent government which happens to be Socialist or Communist in character, why, then it's wholly righteous and beneficent. Better a king than a "Red" seems to be the accepted idea of the devoted patriots of this land! What we have in Spain, of course, is an uprising of all the darkest and most reactionary elements in the land against a government which has given the workers and the common people generally the only freedom they have ever known. Royalists, Fascists, the military have made a united front against republicans, and are seeking to restore the old regime. As we write, the government seems to be holding its own, thanks to the loyalty of the workers in city and country. By the time this editorial is printed, the uprising may be suppressed and order restored. But meantime the damage has been done! Whoever wins in this civil war, political liberty in Spain is done for. The radicals, who have been striving seriously to establish a republic, will now swing sharp to the left, and under the dominance of the Communists set up a proletarian dictatorship. The unsuccessful reactionary revolt, in other words, will destroy whatever moderate sentiment there was in the republican ranks. If the rebels on the other hand, should win by any chance, there would of course immediately succeed in Madrid a Fascist dictatorship of the very darkest hue. Mussolini and Hitler would be outdone in savagery. What must be said is that democracy, as we understand it in this part of the world, has suffered in Spain one more disastrous defeat. Yet will it be an occasion for profound rejoicing if the revolt of these Spanish Fascists is wiped out root and branch, and the old revolution thus made secure. For it is the Socialists and Communists who have a frontage toward the future.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM MARCHES ON

It is easy to argue that President Roosevelt's extension of the merit system on July 22d last was "politics." We know the argument perfectly! Point I—the civil service record of the administration has been one of its most conspicuous weaknesses; point II—Governor Landon made that weakness a political liability of serious moment by his telegram to the Cleveland Convention; point III—Governor Landon was expected to extend his attack upon New Deal patronage practice in his acceptance speech; point IV —on the very morning of this speech, the President issues his sweeping order extending civil service reform to 14,000 postmasters of the first, second, and third class. "Clever business." But, whether clever business or not, we hail this latest victory for the merit system in politics, and gladly give Mr. Roosevelt any and all credit which may belong to his action. As a matter of history, nearly all extensions of the civil service have been made in just this way. It's an old trick to come out bold and strong as a civil service reformer in the last months of an administration, when votes are needed to stay in office. Presidents have even been known to classify appointees under the civil service regulations on the last days of their terms of office, after they have safely made all these appointees faithful party members. They all do it, Republicans and Democrats alike! But the point is that civil service reform, like time, "marches on." And there is the further point, never to be forgotten, that civil service reform is now so deeply rooted in the convictions of voters that presidents can do no one thing more disastrous to their reputation and their hold on the people than to tolerate "spoils," and presidential candidates can do no one thing more favorable to their prospects of popular support than to sustain and extend the merit system. Here at least politics has been conquered for good and all by decency and intelligence. The end of political corruption, so far as offices are concerned, is as certain as the everlasting stars.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The Olympics leave us melancholy. No victories for the Stars and Stripes can give us comfort for the ignominy of this event. As though a curse were upon us, in punishment for our participation in the affair, our team of athletes became infected with dissipation on the voyage over and only the sternest action upon

the part of managers and coaches maintained any kind of discipline at all. Forgetting altogether that they were traveling at public expense, to do a certain job as well as it could be done, all too many of these athletic youngsters took the whole business as a "lark," for their own enjoyment on their own terms. But significant as this is as an indication of what Dr. Alexis Carrel calls the "irresponsibility" of the times, it is of little moment as compared with the spectacle of the Games themselves. Just as we prophesied, these Olympics were nothing in the world but a Nazi circus. Hitler did exactly what he might be expected to do, what any national leader in his situation of course would do, namely, used the occasion to magnify the greatness and glory of his regime. The Nazis are the world's masters in this business of public pageantry. They can mobilize the whole people of a nation to such a display of public order and splendor as stands unparalleled in our time. Not only at the Games but throughout the Reich, everything was given a show of magnificence which must inevitably have impressed the superficial observers assembled for the event. And at the heart of it all the Fuehrer, and the Swastika! This was the greatest day in Hitler's career, and the proudest moment in the history of the Third Reich. And our athletes helped to make it so, as our scholars helped to make something of the same sort at Heidelberg! Though America had won every race in the Berlin stadium, we would be ashamed!

The Taxing Power vs. Social Ends

ISADORE A. BLANCH*

What is the outlook for social legislation within the Constitution, envisaged through adverse rulings of the Supreme Court? It is significant that the Democratic Party has pledged itself to the continuance of the New Deal within the limits of the unamended Constitution.

In glancing through the aperture of constitutional interpretation, it will be well to review briefly the opposition of the Supreme Court, beginning with the reversal of the NRA.

In the Schechter case, the Court declared the Recovery Act unconstitutional by a unanimous decision. Its fundamental reasons were: (1) that it constitutes an unlawful delegation of legislative authority to the President, and (2) that it constitutes a usurpation by Congress of authority reserved for the States. That the reader may grasp the fact that the Supreme Court, whether in majority or minority, is perhaps the most logical body of government and that its opposition is grounded on a political philosophy of an existing contract of government, let him read for himself extracts of that important decision:

> . . . But Congress cannot delegate legislative power to the President to exercise an unfettered discretion to make laws he thinks may be needed or advisable for the rehabilitation and expansion of trade and industry. . . . The Act provides for the creation by the President of administrative agencies to assist him, but the action or reports of such agencies . . . their recommendations and findings in relation to the making of the Codes have no sanction beyond the will of the President who may accept, modify or reject them as he pleases. . . . And this authority relates to a host of trades and industries thus extending the President's discretion to all varieties of laws which he may deem to be beneficial in dealing with the vast array of commercial and industrial activities throughout the country. . . . Such a sweeping delegation of power finds no support in the decisions upon which the government especially relies. . . .

That the Recovery Act had no analogy to the authority delegated by Congress to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Court stated in these words:

> By the Interstate Commerce Act Congress has provided a code of laws regulating the activities of common carriers subject to the Act, in order to assure performance of the services upon just and reasonable terms with adequate facilities and without unjust discrimination. . . . To facilitate the application of standards prescribed Congress has provided an expert body. The administrative agency in dealing with particular cases is required to act upon notice and hearing and its orders must be supported by findings of fact which in turn are sustained by evidence. When the Commission is authorized to issue for the construction, extension or abandonment of the lines a certificate of "public convenience and necessity" to permit the acquisition by one carrier of the control by another if that be found in the public interest, we have pointed out that those provisions are not left without standards to guide determination.

It is interesting to note that Congress, having met with a unanimous reversal of the NRA, attempted in later legislation to side-step the issue and get around it.

It proceeded to do this by the exercise of the Federal taxing power. Of course, as far as taxing power is concerned, Congress has ample authority to tax industry and commerce within the States, not merely in interstate commerce, by force of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It enacted the "little NRA," known as the Guffey-Snyder Bituminous Coal Act, by using the apparently unquestioned authority of the Federal Government to tax commerce within the States, to accomplish a social end of doubtful constitutionality under the Supreme Court's NRA decision. The way the Administration attempted this was in this wise. It imposed on the sale of bituminous coal produced within the States an excise tax of 15 per cent, payable to the Collector of Internal Revenue by the producers of such coal, provided that if any producer has filed with the National Bituminous Coal Commission, charged with the administration of the Act, his acceptance of the Code, made part of the Act, and if he acts in compliance therewith, he shall be entitled to a drawback of 90 per cent of the amount of the tax. It is significant that the "Bituminous Coal Act of 1935," unlike the NRA, did not delegate blanket authority for the making of a Code but included a Code as part of the Act.

The Supreme Court, however, has held Congress strictly to its authority over interstate commerce only as defined in the NRA decision, and has set its face against the use of the Federal taxing power to accomplish this end, perhaps more so than it has heretofore—appar-

*Practicing Attorney of New York of the New York Bar and of the Bar of Georgia.

ently jealous that what the Court had prohibited shall not be performed indirectly.

The majority opinion by Justice Sutherland stated that the above tax "is clearly not a tax but a penalty":

> . . . It is very clear that the "excise tax" is not imposed for revenue but exacted as a penalty to compel compliance with the regulatory provisions of the Act. The whole purpose of the exaction is to coerce what is called an agreement, which of course it is not, for it lacks the essential element of consent. One who does a thing in order to avoid a penalty does not agree: he yields to compulsion precisely the same as though he did so to avoid a term of jail. . . . While the lawmaker is entirely free to ignore the ordinary meaning of the words and make definitions of his own . . . that device may not be employed so as to change the nature of the acts or things to which the words are applied.

The Federal government has had a previous experience of having the wings of its taxing power clipped when attempting to accomplish legislative ends within the States. When in 1918, in the case of Hammer vs. Dagenhurt, the Supreme Court declared the federal child labor law unconstitutional (three of the judges dissenting), Congress enacted a law imposing a tax on all goods transported in interstate commerce which within thirty days prior to such transportation were manufactured by the use of child labor. An employer who employs children below fourteen was to be subject to a tax of 10 per cent on his entire yearly business. The Supreme Court held in 1922, Baily vs. Drexel Furniture Co., that that tax was unconstitutional.

So emphatic was the Court against the use of the tax as a penalty, that only one Justice dissented this time. The opinion of the Court is significant, for it really summarizes the constitutional basis for the negative attitude of the majority opinion on recent legislation:

> . . . Grant the validity of the law and all that Congress would need to do hereafter in seeking to take over control of any one of the great objects of public interest, jurisdiction over which the States had never parted with, and which are reserved to them by the Tenth Amendment, would be to enact a detailed measure of complete regulation of the subject and enforce it by the so called tax on departures from it. To give such magic to the word "tax" would be to break down all constitutional limitations of the powers of Congress and completely wipe out the sovereignty of the States.

Parenthetically it should be observed that the Anti-Narcotic law, based on the taxing power of the Federal government, to stop intrastate traffic in narcotics, was upheld in spite of its penalty feature. (United States vs. Doremus 249 U. S. 86, and Nigro vs. United States 276 U. S. 332.)

The invalidity of the taxing power of Congress was again stressed by the Supreme Court in the AAA decision when used to accomplish social ends, otherwise held in contravention of the Constitution.

More and more it would seem that the opinion of the majority of the Court is predicated on the fear of embarking on a new social and economic policy rather than on a construction of principles to the particular facts at hand. Witness, for example, the opinion of Mr. Justice Sutherland, the majority opinion in the Guffey-Snyder Coal Act decision, as an expression of political philosophy in these crucial times:

> State powers can neither be appropriated on the one hand nor abdicated on the other. As this court said in Texas vs. Waite 7 Wall 725, "the preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the national government."
>
> Every journey to a forbidden end begins with the first step: and the danger of such a step by the Federal Government in the direction of taking over the powers of the States is that the end of the journey may find the States so despoiled of their powers, or what may amount to the same thing, so relieved of the responsibilities which possession of the powers necessarily enjoins, as to reduce them to little more than geographical subjects of the national domain.
>
> It is safe to say that if, when the Constitution was under consideration, it had been thought that any such danger lurked behind its plain words, it would never have been ratified.

Even more adamant is the mind of Justice Reynolds, the lone dissenting judge in the TVA decision:

> If under the mask of disposing property the United States can enter the business of generating, transmitting and selling electricity as, when and whenever some board may specify with the definite design to accomplish ends wholly beyond the sphere marked out for them by the Constitution, an easy way has been found for breaking down the limitations heretofore supposed to guarantee protection against aggression.

It is hard for a lawyer, schooled in respect for judicial opinion, to lose patience with principles that are antiquated, but a layman might truly wonder that the political philosophy which rang so true in the eighteenth century should be so loudly echoed in the Supreme Court of 1936.

To turn back to the subject of the tax power as a means of accomplishing social ends within the Federal Constitution, besides the "little NRA" and the AAA the Administration attempted to enact social security legislation within the States. The Social Security Act enacted in 1935 is one of the important pieces of social legislation and perhaps touches the interest of masses of people more so than the other enactments that we have discussed.

Space does not permit a thorough consideration of the Social Security Act. It comprises several parts. Under Title 1 the Government appropriates the sum of $49,750,000 for old age pensions. This money is to be administered by the Social Security Board and contribution made to the extent of one-half of the State's contribution up to an amount of $30 a month to persons of 65 years and over. The Act further makes federal appropriation in cooperation with the States for Child Welfare, Dependent Children, and Public Health Work.

The important aspect of the Social Security Act, however, is its provision for unemployment insurance. Under Title VIII Congress imposes a tax on all wages of 1%-3%. Such tax is to be deducted by the employer at the time of payment, and is to be paid by the employer as an excise tax on employees to the Bureau of Internal Revenue and is made subject to penalties of taxes generally. And here is the constitutional point: If a State establishes a State unemployment fund pursuant to statutory enactment, any payment made by the employer into such State insurance fund is to be credited against the federal tax imposed by this Act to the extent of 90 per cent of the amount taxable.

Before an employer is entitled to such credit the State law has to be certified by the Social Security Act as coming within the terms and requirements of the Social Security Act. One of these requirements is that in the law and in its administration there be no denial of rights or discrimination. Another requirement is that no person be denied unemployment compensation by reason of refusal to work where there is a strike or lockout, or where a condition of employment is joining a company union or where a condition of employment is that he refrain from joining a labor union or where he refuses to work for substantially lower wages than that paid previously in the same locality.

The taxing feature of the Social Security Act, by means of which Congress is striving to obtain unemployment insurance laws within the States, otherwise

beyond its constitutional authority, is substantially the same as the tax law embodied in the Bituminous Coal Act and in the Agriculture Adjustment Act. Will the Supreme Court stretch a point in interpreting the taxing power of Congress to accomplish this end in the Social Security Act? I prefer not to predict. If it should not, it will mark the wiping out of the last vestige of important New Deal legislation and the problem will then be for the Administration, if it survives, how to carry through its social program within the limits of an unamended constitution, or risk the odium of abandonment.

Regimentation

IRA H. FRANTZ

The word regimentation is being worked overtime by those who oppose the socialization of industry. It is a vague, mysterious suggestion of marching workers, lock steps, unreasonable taskmasters; of intellectuals forced to shovel coal and of morons in positions of influence. Liberty is another word that is being overworked on the other side. It holds out the promise of freedom to do as you please, to be your own boss.

As a bogey-man, regimentation has been very useful to the opponents of Socialism. The first reaction of many, even among the liberally minded, to any proposal of socialization, even of constructive social planning, is that it would mean regimentation—and, of course, the American people will never stand for regimentation! Let us then haul this word out into the open, and find out just what sort of a terror this bugaboo really is.

First of all, with our working population properly organized—regimented, if you prefer—to give every man a chance to do his share of the common work, it is more than probable that we should require only about a dozen or twenty years' work from each man. Some statisticians put it as low as eight years. This would mean a period between the ages of 18 and 38, or, if a man goes to school longer, between 26 and 46. Thus, a man would be retired while still in his prime or, at least, long before he is old. Under the plan I have outlined* this would provide him with a high standard of living and economic security for life. There are several millions of Americans today who would gladly take a job—of another person's choosing—march to work, submit to a boss, in short be completely regimented as to labor, if thereby they could be free from economic worry and could look forward to an early retirement with economic security and complete freedom to follow their own inclinations for the rest of their lives. I am one of those millions. The first thing I have to say about regimentation, then, is that *it is preferable to want.* How eagerly did some thousands of men accept the regimentation of the CCC camps in order to be able to send $25 *a month* home to their families!

A second thing to be said about regimentation is that it is a necessity in our modern life to which we yield willingly. Our children are regimented in school. Attendance is compulsory. The hours are fixed. The course of study is prescribed. Even their seats are assigned them. We submit to regimentation when we drive through the city streets. At one signal we stop and at another we go. We park where we are allowed to and go out of our way because we may not make a left-hand or a "U" turn where it would be most convenient for us. If our grandfathers had been told that in 1936 a man would be subject to arrest and fine for driving his own carriage without a license to drive, that the carriage must be registered with the state and the registration numbers conspicuously displayed on it, both front and rear, and that the carriage must meet with certain specifications as to lights, brakes, etc., he would have declared such regulations an intolerable infringement upon personal liberty. But we submit willingly to these regulations because we recognize the necessity of them. We do not allow a pigsty or an open toilet in our cities. We demand certain specifications for dairy barns supplying milk to our people and require that the cows be tested for disease. On some packaged goods we demand labels bearing analyses. Factories are subject to inspection and are required to comply with various regulations. In the complexity of our modern life, regimentation is inescapable. The good citizen cooperates in it heartily. He recognizes the truth of the scriptural statement, "No man liveth unto himself."

A third fact is that we are now subject to regimentation of the most despotic, unsystematic, and unrewarding nature. Men find themselves regimented for life at jobs for which they have no taste, because they could not afford the training they desired or for other reasons were unable to get the job they wanted. Women are regimented to household drudgeries which could be performed by electricity, the electricity being denied them because they have not the money to pay for it. A young woman is compelled to deny the call of love and her natural desire for a home, a husband, and children, because she is regimented to a wage-earner's job by the obligation to support aged or invalid parents. We are not free to choose our work. We take what we can get and are thankful we can get anything. The employers, not the workers, set the wages. This is regimentation. If a man does not like the job he is offered or the wages it pays he is free to turn it down—in much the same sense that he is free to remain in a burning house. If I want an aluminum pan, I may have it by paying the price fixed by the Mellon monopoly—but I am under no compulsion to buy. The farmer whose hogs and cattle are ready for market may sell them at the buyers' price or he may keep on feeding them indefinitely, as he may choose. When the same farmer wishes to buy bacon or shoes he may pay the seller's price or, if he prefers, he may do without. If we think our taxes are too high we have the choice of paying them or having a sheriff's sale. This is the freedom we now have. We are regimented, body and soul, by the system under which we live. We shy away from governmental regimentation as from a plague—and find ourselves trapped in the severer regimentation of monopolistic industry.

*In a forthcoming book, of which this article is one chapter. Also, in an earlier article in UNITY, entitled "Abandon the Economic Complex," July 6, 1936.—EDITOR.

And what do we get out of it? Security? The abundant life?

A final thing to be said on this subject is that our only hope of escaping these undesirable forms of regimentation lies in some kind of democratic or Socialistic control of industry. The system of moneyless distribution of goods* proposes to give every person complete economic security and to require every person to spend as many years in industry as shall be necessary to provide the standard of living we desire. It proposes to take away the privilege of unlimited personal acquisition, with its competition, waste, and wreckage, just as we have taken away the privilege of absolute freedom with a motor car. Under this system there would be no entrepreneurs. The entrepreneur would take his place in industry just as laborers now do. But all workers, instead of being subject to a profit-seeking, and hence wage-restricting, industrial concern, would be under the direction of supervising engineers who hold their places by virtue of having passed a civil service examination or of having been chosen by popular vote—and that without the help of campaign funds.

Is there less freedom working under a boss of this kind than under a factory foreman? Railway mail clerks and other postal employes work under this type of regimentation and their positions are usually considered above the average in desirability. Under the proposed system the only compulsion is that a man have a job for the required period of years. He chooses his own job. Only he may not choose a job for which he is not fitted—and get it because his father or his wife's uncle is in a position to pull some wires. If he chooses to be a physician and has natural ability in that direction he is not hindered from entering his chosen profession by lack of money for a medical education. If he wishes to be a teacher he is not hindered from that profession by the necessity of staying at home to help pay off the mortgage on the farm. Whatever he does he is a worker in a great cooperative enterprise. He enjoys the full reward of his labor. When he has earned his living it is his. There is no possibility of the industrial magnates, the money lords, or the stock speculator so manipulating the markets as to cause him to lose what he has earned. He is in no danger of finding himself regimented in a breadline or of having to fill out the humiliating questionnaire on an application for township relief.

The interactions of our complex modern civilization make it imperative that we re-examine the meaning of liberty and the possible contribution of regimentation to the maintenance and enlargement of individual freedom. Particularly is it important that we be not frightened at words, nor hypnotized by others.

Some Observations on Germany with a Side Glance at Geneva

(Being Extracts from a Private Letter Dated July 11, 1936, Geneva)

TRACY STRONG

"On June 10 we started with the car for Kassel, a distance of a little over 500 miles. We pounded at an average of 45 miles an hour, which is not bad driving for Europe. Between Heidelberg and Frankfort I drove faster than I had ever driven—about 75 miles an hour. I found the finest automobile roads and army roads I had ever seen. No cross roads; traffic only permitted to go one way; perfect grades and curves... The country was beautiful as the grain was yellow and gray, and the woods were light and dark green.

"Germany is a beautiful country and the peasants continue to work hard and raise the crops. Everywhere you see signs of work and industry. The unemployed have been removed from the streets. Outwardly everything looks much better than it did a few years ago. Dictators at least bring the semblance of order and work. During my observations and interviews I sensed a growing tension and strain. Just what this means for the future I do not know but I am coming to believe that all dictatorships sow the seed of their own destruction and cannot permanently mold the life of the people. I do not believe that dictatorship is the way out. God's method of persuasion by love even if it means the death of Jesus on the cross is still the most effective although the slowest.

"Let me mention four places where I think things are beginning to break down the existing order. I shall not mention the opposition which one would expect from the Jews, for I still consider this, terrible as it is, as a minor aspect in a great change. It is not as significant as was the closing of the churches and the persecution of the priests and kulaks in the U. S. S. R.

"The first point of tension, and it may yet be the cause of the downfall of the whole structure—although I do not look to see this at present—is the adamant position and irrepressible spirit of the leaders in both the radical and central groups of the Confessional Church and the Catholic Church. Who would have thought a few years ago that the religious leaders would be the only ones who would have the nerve, the intellectual honesty and undying faith to support the Hitler regime as a purely political instrument, but to fight it to the death as soon as it enters the holy of holies and seeks to set up a bar to the national God. The leaders of the Party are so blinded by their faith in themselves and... the worship of the German race and blood that they fail to appreciate the strength of the opposition and how deeply rooted in the hearts of the peasants and the people are the Christian tradition and faith, and especially the two commandments of Love of God and Love of Neighbor... The people are deeply asking, Which God is absolute? The God who reveals himself through the blood of the German people, or the God who revealed himself on the Cross? Here is one point of severe strain now facing the German people.

"The second point of tension is amongst the students. Germany has a tradition of academic freedom. Today education is to be made subordinate to the desires of the State. This is causing unrest amongst the students who do not like to be dictated to. Nothing becomes so monotonous as political or economic propaganda. Combined with this the State is trying to for-

*As described in the author's earlier article. See previous note.—EDITOR.

bid the Student Corps which for centuries have appealed to the pride and exclusiveness and comradeship of the students. . . . The tension is growing between the S. S. and S. A. and the students.

"The third point of tension is underground opposition on the part of Socialists and Communists. Many have wondered how it is possible to wipe out so effectively the opposition of these two parties. It is difficult to tell just what is the situation. Millions no doubt responded to the National Socialist appeal and made the change. The appeal of the nation is still much stronger than the appeal of the class. Friends tell me that the working people on the whole are fairly well satisfied. They have work and security although very little chance of defending their interests and collectively fighting for alleviating their economic position. There is, however, down underneath a firm resistance and a network of secret intrigue and opposition. . . . In the course of a trial when some young Communists and Socialists were given a sentence of three to five years' imprisonment it was brought out that more than 200,000 copies of the *Red Flag* had been circulated during the past two years. This is a forbidden paper. To sell it is high treason. To possess it is a criminal offense. . . . So the struggle goes on. The refusal to turn over one's soul to the State is part of man's eternal rights and a gift from God himself.

"The fourth point of tension is illustrated by a boy of my acquaintance. For four years he was an ardent Hitler Jugend. For all this time he worshipped the leader and refused to let family interest or loyalty to his parents supersede his devotion to the cause of his nation. Germany needed Hitler, and he was ready to die for him. . . . He's a thoughtful boy. . . . About a year ago he began to question the sincerity of some of the leaders. Hitler could commit no sin but some of the others could. Gradually as he came to know the leaders his enthusiasm died down and his devotion paled. He found many of them growing fat and licentious. They were not of the stuff for boyhood's heroes. The fleshpots of luxury got the best of them, for they had not been trained to live lives of comfort and to have fruits of wealth. Gradually even Hitler lost his hold and the boy of 17 was left without a rudder and pilot. He was completely disillusioned. Today he is living the life of a hermit. . . . If he refuses to join the Party, he will be shut from the universities and all future opportunities. He is an indication of the way the wind is blowing among the sensitive, idealistic youth.

"I have been made aware of the power of the thought of the Will of God in bringing men and women together collectively. Combine with this the increasing interest in the Church and the Christian Community as the one effective world collective which can rival some of these modern groups and you get a new sense of mission and purpose on the part of Christians. There are also other dangers which I sensed, namely that this sense of mission and being chosen of God for a great task has the tendency to make one turn his back on the social issues and problems, and then religion again becomes an opiate of the people. I sat in a fine discussion on race and got right at the heart of the German attitude toward the Jew. This is closely related to our attitude toward the Negro. So it goes!

"We heard the Negus speak before the League. He spoke in a language that no one could understand, and yet he stood for the cause of righteousness and sincerity. This is a language to which every man's conscience responds. . . . Men of sincerity still get a hearing, although they do not often get what they want. . . . The Negus' cause was lost before he came to Geneva, but he won a moral victory. It may be the beginning of a new League or the end of diplomacy based on League methods. Men are without heart and purpose. The methods of the old diplomacy even in new clothes have failed. As the League moves into its wonderful new building, which is the largest in Europe, the spirit is at a low ebb. I still believe that something will be restored, for around such an idea man must seek for political salvation. One great handicap is that there is no great unifying world community concept built on a great spiritual ideal to which nations are willing to submit. . . . Here is a field for Christianity.

"One of the tragedies which took place during this session is that the pioneer work done for the little Assyrian Church, that cradle of Nestorian Christianity which sent its missionaries to many parts of the earth, has tumbled down and again they find themselves to be a people without a country. It is another betrayal by the big powers."

Forward, Indian Americans!

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN*

America's first moral obligation, says the Christian sociologist, Dr. F. A. McKenzie, is our debt to the first Americans. How have we met that obligation in the past, and how are we meeting it today?

Some of us are old enough to remember when the nomadic fighting tribes of the last frontier—Apaches and Cheyennes and Sioux—stood directly across the path of the transcontinental railroads and defied the westward march of settlement. After the close of the civil war, the first task of our standing army was to subdue these bold and independent small "nations," destroy their food supply, confiscate their lands, and reduce them to impotence. It was a war of conquest, much like that of Italy in Ethiopia, except for the fact that we had already asserted our claim to sovereignty over their territory and could not well hesitate to establish it.

Could this have conceivably been accomplished otherwise than by force of arms? The success of the Quakers, together with that of many scattered missionary enterprises of other denominations, suggests that a peaceful solution was possible—namely, to welcome Red Men as brothers into our cosmopolitan heritage, sharing with them our gains. This has been done in individual instances, ever since Indians first attended Harvard College. Resistance to change is always broken as men become convinced of its advantages. The perpetuation of separate and quasi-independent tribal governments, on the other hand, has always failed. It is obvious that the use of vast estates for a primitive hunting economy, coupled with incessant inter-

*Author of *Pratt: The Red Man's Moses.*

tribal raids and savage atrocities of warfare, was incompatible with a pastoral and agricultural use of the same land, to say nothing of such peace and security as should prevail within the boundaries of a great modern nation. It should be equally obvious that a basic shift of cultures necessarily involved fundamental changes in the religious and moral ideas springing from the Stone Age. Hence, the substitution of Christianity for paganism usually accompanied or followed the destruction of the buffalo, greatly modifying the tragic consequences.

Rejecting the brutal policy of physical extermination, sometimes proposed by army officers and resentful would-be settlers, our country adopted about 75 years ago a policy of segregation upon reservations, as prisoners of the army or "wards of the government." Tribal chiefs were recognized for the sake of convenience—often, indeed, set up and deposed arbitrarily by civil or military officials. From about 1880 on, however, this reservation policy was clearly defined as a mere temporary protection, intended to prepare and train the rising generation for full participation in American life on an equal footing with other national elements. Schools, largely practical and vocational in character, were established for this purpose, and these have gradually come to include four-fifths of all Indian youth. Inadequate attempts were made to introduce agricultural and industrial opportunities upon reservations, which remained on the whole isolated from the main stream and stagnated accordingly. Two-thirds of all Indians, nevertheless, have received title to homesteads, unrestricted or in trust, superseding an insecure participation on communal lands held under treaty. Trained physicians and modern hospitals were in time supplied, to take the place of the native shamans and witch-doctors. After many had attained the goal by individual effort, all Indians in the United States were granted full citizenship in 1924.

At the same time, both amalgamation by marriage and evangelization of Indians proceeded steadily, until now only a few thousand full-bloods in the remoter parts of the Southwest are practically unreached. Save for their exotic ceremonies, (long studied by anthropologists and more recently the Mecca of thronging tourists), sun-dances, ghost-dances, snake-dances gave way years since to the services of the church and the meetings of Young Men's Christian Associations. That pagan rites should be deliberately encouraged by government officials, even permitted to be taught in government schools, under the guise of "religious freedom," would have seemed incredible only yesterday, and this latest policy is naturally deprecated by practically all mission workers.

As for other features of the "new program," only about one-third of present-day Indian Americans have voted to accept Commissioner Collier's scheme for a measure of tribal self-rule. Many of those who are willing to try it are of much-mixed ancestry, and have long voted in state and national elections.

There is, for example, a very small New England group, authoritatively described as "a few individuals of mixed white, Negro, and Indian blood," whose "tribe" was formally extinguished in 1880, yet who have seized the opportunity to re-organize and receive a "tribal charter" from the Federal government!

A few Christian Sioux voluntarily left the tribe as far back as 1869, with the deliberate purpose of "living like white men" on their own farms. Each man homesteaded 160 acres of good land, paid the required fees, and in due time acquired undisputed title. Faithful to church and school, they were accepted by other settlers as good neighbors. Their descendants number some 300 families, probably more white than Indian, and are scattered over several states among the general population.

These people, whose grandfathers sought and won independence, are in 1936 actually invited by Washington to adopt a "tribal constitution," theoretically "in order that they may exercise the right of local self-government," a government wherein no act or resolution of theirs is valid without the approval of a superintendent, and the consent of the Secretary of the Interior.

General Richard Henry Pratt founded Carlisle in 1879—not, however, primarily as a model for the segregated, racial school, but for the express purpose of preparing young Indians of all tribes to enter the public schools and all industries of their day and generation. He was a leader among those who believe that these aspiring young people should be looked upon as our contemporaries and actual or potential equals—not as curious survivals, or as natural inferiors requiring permanent guardianship and protection. Where there has been undue poverty, lack of progress, and even marked deterioration in predominantly Indian communities, may it not be traced to extreme paternalism and a continuation of the reservation system far beyond the emergency period of its possible usefulness?

The popular view of the Red Man as a figure of history and romance is doubtless responsible for the tendency of too many of their educated men and women to try to live by exploiting their former, half-forgotten way of life, on platform or screen, at fairs and even in department stores. The thing is being greatly overdone at present. More significant by far are their public school teachers and trained nurses, skilled mechanics, industrious ranchmen, practicing lawyers, doctors and dentists. Nor are these men and women restricted to work for the Indian Service. Hundreds are to be found in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, and other large cities. Whether urban or rural, they live among us, not as tribesmen greedy for special privilege, but as sturdy citizens adequate to modern demands and concerned for the general welfare. They are not, in most cases, picked individuals of exceptional ability, but have advanced by reason of wider experience and freer competition.

General Pratt was a professional soldier who did much to bring to a close the era of Indian wars by promoting unity of Indians with other Americans. We should realize that the road to permanent peace is still through a homogeneous culture, identity of interests, and religious unity.

Child of Poverty

He plays in the gutter and dodges among
The trucks which thunder by;
He sleeps with ten in a fetid room
With an airshaft in place of the sky.
His comrades are hunger and petty craft,
He is old before his time.
Is it strange if he proves a pupil apt
In lessons of hate and crime?

LESLIE SAVAGE.

Stray Thoughts on Stray Themes

SYNNOVE LARSEN BAASCH

1. Some years ago, when I was one day discussing world peace with a history student at Washington University, she hurled at me contemptuously:

"Huh! Peace at any price, Huh?"

I was so hurt, so ashamed at myself, that I sidetracked the argument then and there. Caveman reaction! The civilized answer would be, "Why not? We have war at any price now."

---

2. The other day we were discussing political parties at this house. Our visitors were mocking the idea that the Scandinavian countries had so many political parties,—the numbers mentioned were eighteen and twenty-three. The absurdity of such numbers is taken for granted without thought. What it means is, of course, everlasting bickering and compromise. But we have that even with three political parties. Has any sane scheme ever avoided compromise? In practice, it works this way:

(a) Farmers, Laborites, old-fashioned Lefts (three parties) want anti-trust laws. Conservatives do not. They lose!

(b) Communists, Anarchists, old-fashioned Social Democrats want absolute demobilization. Old-fashioned Lefts, Conservatives, farmers want the "adequate protection" of neutrality. Caveman reasoning is much in evidence. A hearty discussion of the real issues and a deeper insight is had by all. With Hitler and Russia arming to the teeth, a permanent settlement has not been reached yet. A certain sanity appears in spots in Scandinavia: the fever of fear has burnt out the germs of bellicosity, and brains are functioning here and there. Poor Scandinavia knows that for her there is no "adequate protection," not if every man, woman, and child bear arms. But there is such a thing as not giving offense, and hoping for the best. At present this seems to be the highest level reached; once it is accepted by all small nations, we may find peaks of sanity beyond, of which we never dreamed. In the Middle Ages the Norwegian peasants carried their battleaxes to church with them, parked their weapons in the vestibule—to this day named "the weapon-house"—and settled personal issues after church. After the axes began to be left at home, there was a great reduction in the number of dead men left at the church steps. Who, in the Middle Ages, would ever have thought of such a result? Every man of them would have been convinced that his own dear self would lie dead if he went weaponless to church. In all this contemplation of the issue, factions become unimportant, as they ought to be.

Compare this with what I witnessed during the years of Prohibition in this country:

In the local community, there was one of the perennial puzzles between Republicans and Democrats. The former were wavering between two candidates of their own, one wet, one straddling the fence.

A Prohibitionist Republican of my acquaintance was in sore straits. He finally voted for the candidate that straddled the fence on the liquor issue. It was, you see, unthinkable for a Republican to vote for a bonedry Democrat! At my surprise, he took pains to explain about loyalty to the party.

3. This brings up my pet aversion, LOYALTY. In my own life, the term has caused much pain and confusion, and I believe it does in the lives of many children. As people treat it nowadays, the term is corrupt, a competitor of truth. Let me give two examples:

We, the children of the gymnastics class, were playing a kind of ball. I was on the "in" side, and the only one of forty children so standing that I saw the ball hitting one girl of my party, which made it "good." "No good," cried our party. "Good," cried the thrower of the ball. "No good," cried the person hit, encouraged by the yells of the party. "But it was 'good' you know," said innocent little me, two years younger than anyone in the class. I didn't understand how my fellow-player could insist. The teacher (umpire) came up: "But Synnove, don't you understand about loyalty?" So she explained. But I seem not to have caught on.

Second, three girls, aged ten to twelve, walking on a road! We were all three ignorant about sex life, all three discussing eagerly some gossip floating around the parish about a mysterious, aloof young man who boarded in a local, fine establishment, and who was supposed to make mysterious little gestures to girls, and who was really very dangerous for some reason. In the middle of it, we saw the man around the bend of the road. Instantly, the two younger girls began whooping and yelling names at him. Being older by two years, I felt ashamed of them and begged them to stop. They did not. Then the man turned about, stamped his foot, and made an angry shout. We three screamed and ran. A few days later the police appeared at our house, asking for me. Mother, pale, said, "Be sure you tell him truthfully exactly what he wants to know." It concerned the above episode. Sick and frightened, I told.

"And he didn't run after you?"

"No."

"What more happened?"

"Nothing, only we had an argument."

"Now, be sure you tell me everything. Don't lie. We are sure to find out."

"But that really is all."

"Didn't he try to catch you?"

"No."

"Didn't he do anything?"

"No."

"What was the argument about?"

I could not tell him that. The girls were close friends; I had been ashamed of their little-girlish naughtiness, but had no words for that then, not even to myself. He left, most dissatisfied, I thought. And we are, aren't we, when we scent scandal, and lose the scent? Then I met my friends again. They were furious; I had been disloyal! The police had been at their houses, too, and I had told the story quite differently from what they had. They both remembered that we had gone harmlessly on the

road, and then this awful person whom everybody knew about had yelled and run after us from Mr. Svendsen's gate to that of Pastor Moe. I maintained that we were outside Moe's gate and he just beyond it, that he took just one step definitely our way.

Till this day, almost thirty years later, we three cannot touch this subject without argument. The argument would have existed in any case. Who was I, with my reputedly wild imagination, to stick it out against the others? We all know that human observation is faulty. But the accusation of disloyalty was the one that hurt and confused me. I knew, of course, what the girls thought had happened. I hankered for the sensational, too, and could easily have repeated their story as I knew it from our argument. But I felt as if we had done something wrong. One of many children, I was accustomed to being identified with any wrong-doing that occurred, whether or not it was mine, and I simply dared not lie. I expected to be punished for the behavior of the others, for I usually was, and they were punished with me for mine. This time, no one was punished, but I was branded as disloyal. Not untruthful, but disloyal.

I believe that we might have more clarity and decency in public and in private life, if parents and teachers would forget about loyalty and stress truth. Fact is hard enough to grasp for a young mind trying to distinguish between actuality and imagination. Loyalty is too much.

4. Back to above subjects of war and peace! This winter a druggist in Kirkwood, Missouri, asked me to sign some kind of a statement to the President about peace. It ran about like this: "I, the undersigned, want peace." These may not be the exact words, but they were as spineless as that. The druggist got a penny for every signature. "Do you mean peace at *any* price?" I asked. "Look here, Madam," said the druggist, "now I've got two sons. I certainly want them to be able to defend themselves. What if somebody came along, etc., etc."

He did not get any penny for my name. Has it ever occurred to these strong men who are able to defend themselves that most women are not, and for that reason have discovered no need to? True, in childhood we get into a number of fist-fights, but we are not respected even by the men who are best able to defend themselves. It is taken for granted that we shall manage without physical defense, and we usually do. We do not all have men to fight for us, either. Anyone can knock us down. Why don't they? Because we learn how to avoid fights. If the druggists' sons learned it, too, we should feel even safer than we do. Be this said without boasting. Fearful things are going on: innocence and good intentions are battered and go down in many places. But would children be safer if they learned how to fight to the limit of their physical capacity? Not in this world!

During my youth, when I worked late at night in the city, there was some insecurity on the streets. I was panicky, and asked my brother-in-law to help me get a revolver. "No, I won't," said he. "Use your brains. With a gun you'll be sure to get into trouble. If you must have something, get yourself a bag of pepper, and if any man comes too close, throw the pepper and make him sneeze." I never got the pepper, and never really needed it, but I have had many a good laugh about it. My mother tells a story from the small Danish town where she grew up. One of her girl friends had to go home alone from a party, after dark, a most unseemly thing for a lady in that environment. All the men considered it an improper thing for a girl to do, and so she was promptly accosted: "May I go home with you?" She had far to go, and knew that many, many well-to-do young men roamed the streets. "Yes, that'll be fine," she replied, her knees shaking. On their way to her house they passed others who might have asked for the same privilege. In that environment, the presence of an immoral man, whose rights were respected, protected a decent girl. I don't know what they talked about; mother said the girl was a quick-witted, amusing person. They got to the door, opened it, and with a woman's old-fashioned right she slipped in first. "So far. And I thank you," said she, and closed the door in his face. If nations were only as quick-witted!

Denmark is, sometimes. It is said that "armed neutrality" was demanded of her during the last war. The Allies insisted upon her fortifying Esbjerg. The Danish government, I am told, reasoned this way:

"Ten thousand uniforms at Esbjerg means ten thousand Danes killed and a town shot up. Two thousand uniforms, two thousand Danes. Two uniforms, two Danes." And, so, Denmark sent two uniformed Danes to Esbjerg, thus fortifying the town so wisely that it seemed not worth having. It was not touched, either. I hope this story is true. Who was it that called the Danes astute? I dare praise them, being Norwegian-born.

The astuteness may all be that of the munitions makers, however. To Zaharoff, they say, should go the praise that Scandanavia remained neutral in the last war. Vickers, Krupp, etc., needed neutral ground for their commerce, and the small countries could not have bought munitions enough to make any real difference in the accounts. Chances are that there was more real money in keeping the big customers in brisk activity, while smaller nations were made to carry raw materials, and yield them up. During the war the huge old family copper kettles were stolen from my mother's kitchen walls, and the copper roofs of the churches sprang big leaks; there were no copper coins in circulation either. The Norwegian shipowners made money. The stokers made 70 kr. per month (1 kr. at par is 26.8 cents) and their food and bed on board, with the addition of 2 kr. for every day spent in war zones. These facts were brought out again last fall when Nordahl Grieg's "Our Honor and Our Glory" was played on the National Theatre stage in Oslo. He also aired a headline from *Norges Handels og Sjofartstidende* (Norway's Trade and Seatrade News) which he thought we might contemplate: "Brighter outlook for the shipping trade. War in the Far East?"

Let us hope that the munitions interest in Russia works hand in glove with those of other lands, so that some kind of brotherhood may survive the next war. It is the only chance the Scandinavians have of keeping out this time,—or so some young clerks and school teachers told me last summer in Elsinore! They had few illusions that Scandinavian insight was at the bottom of Scandinavian peace. One hardly knows what to

think. Shall we say that the Scandinavians and the munitions makers work hand in hand? If so, the Scandinavians are their dupes, as are all other nations. Or why should the trading in copper go undisturbed until the price was paid, and why should the copperloaded ships go down as often as they did?

A tangle! Certainly we must hope that the days of loyalty are gone, so that fact may come to light unenhanced.

5. This is the last point I want to write about! When a baby is born, we allow a few years for that baby to find his physical self. We assist him as intelligently as we can. We have discovered that he should not be tampered with, that he is not a toy that will eat pickles and anchovies for the amusement of the family. We know that he will find his backbone and his feet when they are ready to carry him; we cannot teach him to stand or to walk prematurely without hurting him, yet somehow most normal babies seem to get into normal childhood by themselves. We have learned that, I say.

What do we do with our adolescents? Do we give them time to find their mature bodies? Do we give them the play-chance of pretending to be adults? Do we give them time to find themselves? Have they a chance to outgrow passing enthusiasms, to find themselves in the task for which they are best fitted? Do we, who believe in a good God, have a real trust in His principles? Dare we believe that he who guides the great balancing circle of life, and who does it with marvelous wisdom, has also instilled in each one of us the qualities that will make him a tool for some definite use? Dare we trust a young person to find himself, even if he, like the poet Oehlenschläger, dawdles on the way? Would we have a surplus of say, garbage collectors (they say there are twenty-six garbage collectors in this little town), if we allowed each one to find himself?

It cannot be tried in this system. We cannot afford to let all the years from sixteen to twenty lie unrewarded by coins. People have to earn their living before they have found themselves.

I have read somewhere that the simple, one-sided nature is the one which most readily finds itself and its vocation. But we are God's tools, and though we may have many sides to our natures, we have not all of us the dynamic force behind us which drove Michelangelo or Leonardo da Vinci. Give us time to integrate, and we shall not be misshapen. We are unhappy now because we feel the great drive for expression; but we haven't had time to develop our tools for expression. We have had to earn our keep. That is why we look unhappy on the street cars. We have not developed our natures and fulfilled God's purpose.

Why should young people go to school during those years? Let them have physical tasks to develop physical ability, and thought will come when thought is ripe. In this muddle, the young are so stampeded by the necessity of making a living that they begin planning before they really know what they are fit for; they have no chance to observe; therefore their whole slant is so falsified that they cannot rid themselves of the stupid systems of their forbears.

Little Glimpses of American Life

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The summer moves on, and incidents and impressions multiply. Here are a few more glimpses of life in a New England town.

I

Automobiles interest me as a sign of the times and as an index of character. I do not myself drive, and have no more place in my personal life for an automobile than for an aeroplane. My wife and children have their cars and I am glad, but still I beg to be excused.

Nevertheless, this is an automobile age, and the machine is the widest window opening into the modern soul. In this town, it is magnificent to notice how oblivious is everybody to new and old models. In the city, the latest car is a requisite of respectability. A man is ashamed if he drives a car which is more than a year or two old. An old model suggests failure—to be more specific a lack of cash—and since money is the measure of all things in this contemporary civilization of ours, at least in cities, why, it is necessary to keep swiftly up to date. And how the manufacturers of automobiles take advantage of this weakness of human nature! Every year a change in line, or style, or equipment, of absolutely negligible consequence so far as the efficiency and even beauty of the machine are concerned, and yet drastic enough to fix attention! A man wears a hat until it is shabby, a pair of shoes until they are worn out. The result is that, in hats and shoes from year to year, there is no change in style which is conspicuous enough to attract the attention of anybody but fops. But in the automobile market, it is the latest thing that is in demand, at least in the cities and large towns, and the result is prosperity for the trade even in times of depression.

But here in this modest, self-respecting, independent township, it is different. I have a neighbor not far away who purchased a new automobile this year. I noticed it on my arrival, and commented on it. Immediately my neighbor was apologetic. Instead of swelling out his chest and boasting that no car was too good for him, he began to explain how long he had had his former car, etc., etc., and ended up by amiably laughing at himself for indulging in this perhaps not unpardonable foolishness. Here was a thoroughly characteristic attitude, consistent with the dignity, integrity and fundamental simplicity which make this township what it is.

In contrast to this neighbor is another neighbor who is driving this year, as in previous years, a model T Ford, which cannot be later than the vintage of 1919 or '20. As this car of tall, ugly structure goes rolling along the road, I cannot see but what it is as stout and strong as ever. I should think the owner would have trouble getting parts, even tires, but he is having no trouble with that sturdy engine. As long as this Ford gets him quickly and safely to where he wants to go, and home again, why should my excellent neighbor purchase a new machine? To maintain his dignity in the township? But that is just the point! One does

not have to have a new car to maintain his dignity in this township. I am sure my neighbor has suffered not an atom of disrespect because he has made his old Ford usable beyond its time. On the contrary, I sense a certain admiration for a man who can prove his care and skill, and vindicate his personal independence, by a feat of this kind.

In between these two extremes may be found in this town well-nigh every variety of automobile which has been produced within the last ten or fifteen years. No expensive cars, to be sure—no Lincolns, or Packards, or Rolls-Royces! But, of the moderate-priced cars which befit our Yankee simplicity, there is here nearly every model, style, make, of which one can think. And no one of them all has any more significance, so far as the owner is concerned, than a "bo't" or a plow. These people, most of them, have other values than those which attach to mere material possessions. They have no craving for display, and no respect for it. They despise waste and are hostile to luxury. Perhaps this is the reason why one feels a security in this town unknown in New York. It is not only the wooing of the sky and sea, in other words, which tempts one in this place to stop worrying about the future.

II.

.The complete and perfect answer to the silly charge that the Puritan New Englanders were a stern, stiff, ugly people, who knew nothing of culture and less of beauty, is of course the colonial churches. These dignified, graceful, and not infrequently majestic structures dot the countryside through all this region, and bear everlasting witness to the fact that the New England settlers were persons of exquisite sensibility and refinement. What art has America ever produced which is comparable for a single moment with New England architecture and New England furniture?

Two churches in this neighborhood are noble specimens of ecclesiastical tradition. One is the Unitarian church in K., a superb building, with the familiar white walls, green blinds, and towering steeple. The Unitarian society was organized in 1750; its present church edifice was erected in 1771-73, and enlarged and the steeple built in 1803-07. The bell in the steeple was cast by Paul Revere. The location is worthy of the edifice—on the main street, at the junction of two important highways, with a little common in front and a wide-stretching graveyard behind. A flight of steps up from the street level leads to a lobby, which is right under the steeple. By the door hangs the bell-rope, which is vigorously pulled by the sexton on a Sunday morning as the great bell peals its summons through the town, and the parishioners come sedately to the service. Straight ahead from the lobby lie the assembly hall and reception room, where the Sunday school meets and social functions are held. Stairs to right and left show the way up one flight to the dignified church auditorium, which has the old-fashioned white box-pews and in the front a great mahogany pulpit with arms spreading wide in welcome. The "best people" of K. gather here to worship—members of the old families, professional people, town leaders. There must have been more of them in the old days, but many are faithful still.

The other church is in the nearby town of P.—a Congregational church, "set on a hill." This is one of the finest examples of colonial architecture I have ever seen. In general design and appearance, it is much like the Unitarian church in K., but it has the special and very majestic feature of a towering pillared portico jutting out from the front. But its location is its greatest charm. From whatever direction you enter the town, whether by road or up the river from the sea, you see this hill surmounting the clustering houses and business structures—a mass of magnificent elm trees as seen at a distance, and above the trees the great white steeple of the church, with its clock and golden crown. If there is any lovelier sight than this on these American shores, I have not seen it.

Last Christmas the minister in P. sent to his parishioners and friends a card bearing a lovely picture of his church. He called the picture, "Benediction." What word could more appropriately and beautifully express the influence of these old churches on these old towns! To see them at a distance is to be moved to quiet. To stand before them is to bow in reverence. Though their portals were never opened, and their walls heard never a word of hymn or prayer, they would have a usefulness inherent in their mere presence which would justify all the care and expense of their preservation. Long since they became, as it were, a part of the landscape which they adorn. Like a hill, or a stretch of wood, or a rock-strewn pasture, they could not be removed without irreparable loss.

As I sit in one or the other of these churches on a Sunday, I find myself wondering what I would preach about if I were minister. Personal problems, of course —they are with us always. Spiritual questions—there is a deep vein of mysticism and of profound philosophical concern in the Yankee mind. "Mute, inglorious" Emersons and Thoreaus and William James' are all over this countryside. But would I discuss social problems in the primary and emphatic way that I have done for years in my city pulpit? The social gospel!—yes, I believe in it even more than I did a generation ago when I began my ministry. I was flaming then under the kindling of Theodore Parker, and Washington Gladden, and Walter Rauschenbusch. Now I know, from first-hand experience, that these men were right —and I blaze with my own fire! But could I preach this gospel in this town, as I preach it, or try to preach it, in New York?

These people know nothing about poverty as a social problem. Child labor is something that is read about in newspapers, but not seen in factories and tenements. Labor unionization, wages, hours? Yes, there is a factory here, and I don't imagine that conditions in this factory are exactly Utopian. But one senses no particular injustice, certainly no misery and oppression, as one sees the workers stream from the factory doors at the close of the day, and drive off in their automobiles, or saunter in laughing groups down the roads and by-ways to their homes on the farms or by the sea. Life is still simple here. The mechanism of our industrial civilization has not penetrated far into this land. I should not know where to begin, or what to say, in explaining Communism, or Socialism, or even Coöperation and the Single Tax, to the men and women of this township. Yet the New Deal has crossed these borders. Father Coughlin's voice comes tearing over the radio. Dr. Townsend has his ardent followers. Taxation presses upon burdened backs. The game of politics is avidly played. And the American Legion Post bears witness that the last war reached these people, as the next war will ruin them.

Yes, I would preach the social gospel in these quiet Puritan churches. But I would not make the mistake of the old missionary preachers who used to talk about the ills of the naked tribesmen of Patagonia or Tim-

buctoo, and say never a word about the woes of slum dwellers on the next block, or corrupt voting in the home precinct. I am sure I would not hammer away, Sunday after Sunday, on the Nazi horrors in Germany, or the Japanese depredations in China, or even the labor exploitations in the steel industry in Pittsburgh or Gary. No, I would begin at least with the gang element in small towns and its danger to growing boys, or the denominationalism of the churches and its crippling influence upon community spirit and enterprise, or the parochial antagonism to summer visitors and the injustice of neglecting their interests in spite or in envy of their happiness. And war—I would talk about this abomination, and begin by working for the destruction of the ugly German cannon which stands as a memento of the Great War by the handsome Town Hall. This community seems far removed from the terrors which beset our world, but in its own area there are appropriate terrors of evil and hate which challenge the word of Christ, and here, as elsewhere, the Kingdom waits for its heroic messengers.

III.

The Soldiers Monument in P. is a rather gruesome affair. In design and location it is admirable. A well-proportioned pedestal of granite, surmounted by a bronze eagle with wings outspread, it is placed prominently in the public square, on an elevated grass-plot, as a center of interest and beauty. The fact that it is not the usual routine soldier clad in a great coat, and resting meditatively on a musket, is in itself highly creditable. The citizens of this neighboring town had a little creative imagination!

What makes the memorial somewhat grim are the inscriptions and spaces. The pedestal, of course, has four sides. On the front face appear the words, "To Our Soldiers and Sailors, 1909." Five years later came the World War, and seven years later our entrance into this War. Now, on the back face of the pedestal, is a bronze tablet bearing the names of the young men who were enlisted in the World War, with one of these names starred. This leaves two other sides —blank. All ready, to the right, for the next war, and, to the left, for the next war after the next war! These village fathers were wise in their day and generation.

Why do we have soldiers' monuments, anyway? Who started the practice, and where, and when? There are no such monuments, so far as we know, to the soldiers of the American Revolution. There is the Minute Man on Lexington Common, to be sure, and the statue at Concord Bridge, but these memorials are in a different category. Nor can we recall ever having seen any memorials to the soldiers who died in the War of 1812, or in the Mexican War, least of all in the Indian Wars. This practice must have begun with the Civil War, and probably has some connection with Memorial Day. The G. A. R. did pretty much as it pleased in this country for a generation, and among other things cluttered up city and town with the worst array of monumental junk ever seen in any country, ancient or modern. And now, like a bad habit, the practice is being continued, the World War giving us the latest deluge of sculptural atrocities. The towns and villages in this neighborhood all have them in one form or another. The profanation of art in these memorials is bad enough, but the exaltation of war and its blood sacrifice are worse. The dead should be remembered, of course, but why not in cemeteries, as in Arlington, and with tokens not of glory but of grief and penitence?

IV.

The tides flow in and out. We watch them, measure them, time them, and count upon them as upon the wheeling stars. The surface of a lake never moves, except to be higher or lower according as the season is wet or dry. There is a monotony about a lake, a deadness, which is appalling. But the sea breathes and is alive. The rising and falling of the tides are like the beating of the human heart, and prove nature and man akin.

Does this kinship touch wider and deeper issues? "There is a tide in the affairs of men," says Shakespeare. If this be true, the tide has been running out for a long time. In 1914 came such a storm as loosed the very fountains of the mighty deep. Then, in these succeeding years, came the receding of the waters. On every shore the tide of life began to ebb, and we heard only

> "Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

Will the tide turn, and life come to the flood again? We have seen moments when we had lost all hope. But here, as I stand upon the shore and watch the everlasting sea, and behold the tide go out only to return again, I feel my faith grow strong.

Unity Editors and the Roosevelt Administration

In accordance with UNITY'S traditional policy of the free and frank discussion of even the most controversial subjects, the issue of September 7 will contain two independent statements by the editors giving their divergent views of the Roosevelt Administration.

Curtis W. Reese will state his reasons for supporting the Administration. John Haynes Holmes will state his reasons for opposing the Administration.

Each Reader of UNITY should secure one new subscriber by September 7.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

Please enter the following subscription to UNITY:

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State.....

$3.00 for a year's subscription.
($3.50 in Canada; $4.00 in other countries.)

☐ Remittance enclosed.

☐ Send invoice.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Litany

For all the souls who, striving, meet defeat,
But who have courage left to strive again;
For all who suffer agonies of grief,
Yet see the loveliness of life, through pain;
Lord, God of Anguished Hearts we raise to Thee
The grateful praises of our Litany.

For all who blindly face the world in dark,
Yet know a beauty which our clear eyes miss;
For all who walk in silent solitude,
But hear the overtones of inward bliss;
Lord, God of Suffering Hearts we raise to Thee
The grateful praises of our Litany.

For all the souls whose light of Faith is gone,
Who still are not afraid to seek Thy face;
For all the fearful ones who dread the day,
Who still go forward with a dauntless grace;
Lord, God of Doubting Hearts we raise to Thee
The grateful praises of our Litany.

FRANCES SMITH JOHNSON.

The Bundle of Life

1 Samuel 25:29
"Bound in the bundle of life
With the Lord thy God."

My soul is bound in the bundle of life
With an olive branch and a glittering knife,
I am one with the gay and one with the sad
I am part of the good and part of the bad,
I am firmly banded with love and hate
Enclosed with the mean as well as the great,
I am knotted tightly with simmering wrong
Though tangled with inescapable song,
For bound in the bundle with every soul
Is the Lord, my God, who will leaven the whole.

GRACE CONNER HARRIS.

Vision

Make me a woman whom all can trust,
Make me a woman whose mind is just,
Make me a woman with strength to endure,
Make me a woman with power to secure
Transient beauty elusive as Time
Painting the grandeur of life in rhyme.

Make me a woman whose soul will grow
Ever and on in an afterglow,
Make me a woman whose soul expands
Under the pressure of friendly hands;
Make me a woman who understands.

Make me a woman whose heart can embrace
Kindly spirits of every race,
Make me a woman to feel and see
Inarticulate humanity,
Make me a woman who knows no fear
Whose spirit is bold as a buccaneer.

LUCIA MORSE RIMBACH.

Unter Den Linden, 1935

No more a Christ with thorny crown,
No Man of Sorrows to avow!
They changed His shroud to shirt of brown
And put a helmet on His brow.
Around His loins a rattling sword
And on His lips a hymn of hate . . .
Behold in Christ a tribal lord,
A vassal of the Nazi state!

JAMES I. JACOBS.

Ghost of Rome

I am the ghost of empire summoned to haunt your restless mind;
I am your own mad dream of a rejuvenated Italy
Clothed in the dilapidated glory of old Rome.
But remember, O Mussolini, that Rome is dead,—
Her manhood spent on ten thousand battlefields,
Her citizenship scattered and absorbed by conquered nations,
Until at last she vanished before barbarian hordes.
While there is yet time, pause,—
Mindful of Italy's true glory and the happiness of her children;
For on the bloody pathway of war lie chaos and disaster,
While on the paths of peace lies the glory of world brotherhood.
I who come to you, summoned by your own mad ambition,
Am but the ghost of ancient Rome!

CHARLES GUSTAV GIRELIUS.

New Chains

So must they forge new chains, these gods of tin
To bind again the slaves who do their wills?
Our ancient gyves relax as time fulfills
Her alchemy. Their links are wearing thin,
Consumed by tears, and sweat, and blood wherein
Is born a dream of fruitful, sun-tipped hills,
And men set free from usurpation's ills.
Old tyranny is dead. Shall new begin?

For long, too long, the pliant neck of man
Has bent beneath the iron yoke of greed;
A birthright spoiled, a heritage possessed
By grasping hands, by venal souls which ban
The mighty law of brotherhood with creed
Of *have*, and *hold*, and—*devil take the rest!*

NOUREDDIN ADDIS.

The Study Table

A HANDFUL OF UNITY POETS

YOUTH LOOKS AT LIFE. *By Roberta Meyers. Atlanta, Georgia: Banner Press, Emory University. $1.25.*

"A little child shall lead them" is one of those shining threads which run through almost all religions and sew them together in the single white cloak of Truth, a cloak without which facts are indeed bare. "Genius is childhood recaptured at will" is but another statement of the principle that "of such (as children) is the Kingdom of Heaven." But the art of a child genius is all too often like forced fruit, cause for wonder rather than source of joy, being savorless. Such is not the case with *Youth Looks at Life,* by fourteen-year-old Roberta Meyers.

What does youth see when it looks at life? Columbines that are "cobalt stars" and autumn trees that are "scarlet spray" and also daisies "foaming where cannon has poured sorrow and death." This youth sees women pampering their "rusted chains" and locked in "shells of use, stagnant with old belief" who hug "the worn excuse: Life is a woman's grief" as they simper up at men. She shrinks from "the arrogance of patriots, the strong with puerile souls" and from "scarlet streams where a Ghetto gutter drips," reminding us "God may be black in another million years." She sees, too, "the great we have soiled with a sneer." Then, "embalmed in dreams, we face the solitude" and, knowing "the universe is spattered flame Across the sullen dark of rolling time," she foresees the collision of a comet with mother-earth and exclaims, "Mother, forgive us for quarreling over your face."

Clear-sighted indeed is this girl, whose craftsmanship is as polished in this volume as that of any living poet, who sees "even the Atheist altars come to fall" and can turn "from chasing gods to chasing butterflies" and back again to pursuing Truth, who declares that "time is a toy of ours" while "looking for a toy that seems something small enough to keep." UNITY may well be proud to have been one of the first magazines to run her work.

* * *

WHERE WINGS ARE HEALED. *By Margaret Lathrop Law. Philadelphia: Poetry Publishers. $1.50.*

A scintillating and sophisticated poet on a holiday in Nova Scotia but, being a poet, feeling human dilemmas, sensing spiritual values and singing, singing always. Such is Margaret Lathrop Law in *Where Wings Are Healed: Songs of Nova Scotia.* She tells us, "History was written by men in boats," and her book exhales "salty legend and lore." She looks beyond the fisherman to his wife, whose "tears are more salt than the elements' broth." She perceives it is the farmers who make the country, for "a king and even a general must eat." She sees with the eye of a painter, she chooses her words with the care of a jeweler; no wonder her poems are brilliant word-paintings. She is also psychologist and philosopher. "To pulse with the rhythm of emerald acres" is "to know your city conjured by fakirs whose gods are cymbals and tinkling brass." She calls us to "bend the knee to a living altar." She knows Nova Scotia—and readers of her poems in our pages know she also knows the aspiring soul of man.

EARTH CALLS: A BOOK OF POEMS. *By Alan Creighton. Toronto, Canada: The MacMillan Company.*

Margaret Law is not a native Nova Scotian. Alan Creighton is a born Nova Scotian and a born poet. We know of only one Canadian poet of comparable vitality and vision: A. M. Stephens. Canada should make much of her powerful young poet and respond to his *Earth Call* with hurrahs and honors. But he would rather have his fellows open "a door of wide compassion," nations no longer "develop a carapace of steel" and instead cease being farms "raising fruit for a red harvest." Thirty-three himself, he sees with youth and speaks with maturity. "We came with pulses clear and strong," he says in *Unemployed* but "we stand against a light May sky—The living-dead of youth!" His nature poems, his love poems, his portraits are as graphic, vigorous, stimulating as his poems of insurgence. Like Margaret Law, he turns from lyrics to free verse without any desertion from essential poetry. He sings the whole man and the whole woman clearly and cleanly, reverently and rapturously, the claims of body and soul, the need for beauty and brotherhood.

* * *

BOOK 1: SONNETS: THE PASSING YEAR. *By Francis Alex. Dewson. 1433 Reid St., Houston, Texas: Dewson.*

"Symbols jut forth from dull or garish months, images I have made mine, each one a Monstrance for the Host of Joy," remarks Francis A. Dewson in the foreword to his *Sonnets: The Yearly Passing,* a brochure he has printed as well as penned. He has studded it not only with delightful word-pictures but also with the quaintest assembly of little bats and bees, bugs and brownies and other typographical ornaments that charmingly fit his lines about "small honey crabs, gnomes that delve the dunes," "moon tinged rain," cottonwoods that "sing like showers all day long," humming-birds, "O vituperative arrow point of light!" . . . chiefly little things, but man, too, is little—yet each of us *can* say with him, "I'm not too small to find Infinity or know the truth of God's eternal story." He has been represented in our pages, where we hope to present more of his work and that of the other poets herein reviewed.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Selected Shakespeare

A SHAKESPEARE ANTHOLOGY. *New York: Random House.* $2.50.

I am invariably fond of anthologies, and here is a good one! It was a happy thought to run through the immortal dramas of the Bard, and gather together the great poetic speeches, even lines and phrases, then add all the sonnets, the lyrics, and the famous poems, and publish them in a single volume. Here is the "golden treasury" of Shakespeare, to be taken anywhere, in pocket or bag, when the complete Shakespeare would be impossible.

Just because the anthology is so well done, however, we wish it were better done. Why, for example, should any of the great speeches be missing? I realize, of course, that there had to be rejection, else there could have been no selection. But why should such a speech as Jaques' description of the wounded deer in "As You

Like It" be omitted, or Cassius' unforgettable picture of the drowning Caesar, or Shylock's great paean to the Jew? Also, there is a barbarous misuse of certain passages, as, for example, the dismembering of Antony's speech over the body of Caesar. And why, in the publishing, were such heavy paper and cloth used, and the book therefore made so cumbersome?

These are not slight criticisms, but I would end this brief review on a happier note. This is a rich anthology, a noble tribute to the Bard, and a treasure trove for lovers of poetry. The editor is not named, but we give him our thanks none the less.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Book Notes

CROWN OF GLORY. *By O. W. Riegel. 276 pp. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3.00.*

Here is a thrilling biography of genuine worth especially for the student of the Mormon movement in America. The life of Jesse Strang, competitor of Brigham Young and others for the crown of Mormonism, is depicted with a fidelity to detail and to the developing psychology of this settler of Beaver Island, in Michigan, seldom seen in the older type of biography.

Strang's strange boyhood in western New York, his migration to Wisconsin in 1843, his conflicts with the other Mormon leaders and the final coronation of this Moses of the Mormons on Beaver Island, together with the conflicts with the Gentiles that resulted in his murder and the collapse of his mushroom colony, are all depicted in a manner worthy of the master biographer.

One puts it down with the feeling, What strange things are done in religion's name! Strang's original opposition to polygamy, suddenly metamorphosed by a pretty young girl's face into an ardent practicer of the Old Testament custom of having as many wives as the pocket-book will allow, again reminds us of the weakness of the flesh when ideals are contorted. Incidentally, of course, Strang's pocket-book, like the widow's cruse of oil, poured forth plenty of the shining metal, so that this Mormon leader soon had taken unto himself the number of wives allotted by the Mohammedan code.

The author combines a careful use of his historical materials with a genius' ability to "think" Strang's "thoughts after him." A final note on his sources of information and an index add to the value of this charming biography of a religious fanatic.

* * *

WE THE LIVING. *By Ayn Rand. 570 pp. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.*

A really worthwhile novel for all those who wish to see a picture, vivid and gripping, of the worst experiences any Russian had during the Revolution. A Russian herself, with a marvelous command of picturesque English, Ayn Rand's story should awake even the dead among us to work all the harder for achieving, peacefully and democratically, the new economic freedom that collectivism offers to all and so avoid the suffering to multitudes of individuals that occurred in Russia.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Correspondence

From Beyond the Equator

Editor of UNITY:

I feel certain that you will be glad to have me pass on to you, for UNITY, some personal words from our distant, but near neighbor, Dr. Charles Strong, one of our staff, and minister for sixty years of The Australian Church, Melbourne. He is, as you are aware, a veteran of three wars, fighting for peace, holding his pulpit and retaining the esteem of the British world. He is now nearly four score and ten, yet enters his pulpit every Sunday, and dispenses the "everlasting gospel." I know of no "good cause"—peace, prohibition, prison reform, labor, children, fair treatment of the Orientals, etc., for which he has not taken a bold stand, either in the pulpit, or his *Commonweal,* or out in the Park. I wish that the Divine Economy might arrange that such a man, en route to the next sphere, might spend a year in each of the five continents, telling the story of his experience. I know that you in that case would want him for three months in the Community Church.

I regret to say that I cannot claim relationship with this Strong, in the flesh—his fathers were in Scotland when my forbears were sailing away from Britain for New England, 300 years ago—but I hope that we are related in spirit. This note was written just before he was turning in for the night, and he never dreamed that it would appear in type.

SIDNEY STRONG.

Seattle, Washington.

Concord, Armadale, Melbourne,
June 8, 1936.

My dear Rev. Sydney:

Thank you for kind letter. I am glad that my misaddressed epistle reached you at last. I was not sure as to your abode. You see that you for long went about as a roaring lion. What work have you now on hand?

The world is a different place since you were here (1921-22) and churches don't stand where they did. The Australian church is not what it was, though its ideals are slowly supplementing the old worn-out theologies and sociologies.

We have a big anti-slum movement here, and anti-war is now the popular cry.

Whither are we all tending? The Anglican Church movement is significant.

What is to be the issue of Hitlerism, Mussolinism and Stalinism?

I always remember my good mother, as she lay dying, saying to me, "I am glad that I will not see all that is coming." And that was long years ago. But, I would like to see the clouds breaking, and sun and moon and stars appearing.

I wonder if you get that great light, the *Commonweal?* It has been sent to you but maybe does not find you.

I am glad that things in France point to more settled weather. I can't make out the U. S. A. It's a big problem—the country so vast.

Somehow, I look with hope to India and Indians. Do you know Sunderland who writes in the *Modern Review?* His articles are good. He is American, but he rings true, I think, on India.

We are having a *very* cold winter. It is horrid to think of the unemployed and homeless. "It's high time to awake out of sleep!"

But now I must go to sleep. So I will say "Good Night."

Yours fraternally,

CHARLES STRONG.

The Field

(*Continued from page 222*)

in international relations is "the right to sanctuary." It binds humanity together; it causes one man to open his door to another who, unarmed and defenseless, is pursued by an enemy or bandit, and without first questioning him as to his political or religious faith, his nationality, or race. The right to sanctuary gives every human being who is neither a criminal nor a carrier of disease the right to seek refuge in a foreign country and earn his living there if he is prevented from so doing in his own country.

This right no longer exists today. In no modern country can a foreigner take up residence and keep himself by his work without special permission, and if he has no papers he has no right other than to remain in his own country and submit to what that government, which has already deprived him of his papers, takes it into its head to do with him.

During both the Fascist persecutions of Italians holding minority opinions, and the Nazi political and racial persecutions of the Germans, the right to sanctuary was until recently maintained as a purely humane measure. Refugees were allowed to slip into a foreign country and thus avoid the persecutors in their own. When they were across the frontier, their lives were saved, but nothing more. The next problem they were up against was how they were to maintain the lives thus saved.

The majority who came from Germany had nothing but what they stood in. In his report to the League of Nations, Mr. James G. McDonald, the High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany, writes that those who had anything "must first pay 25 per cent in Emigrant Tax and the remaining 75 per cent must be left in Germany as so-called 'Sparmarks' which are not even worth 30 per cent of their value abroad." Thus, the most they were allowed to retain was one-fifth of their property and savings; the National-Socialist Government took the rest. In reality, it was not even as much as that, for the value of the property of non-Aryan and other well-to-do emigrants was lowered owing to boycott and compulsory sale.

The Nazi Government has not, however, been satisfied with designating non-Aryans as unwelcome guests of the German people. In his report the High Commissioner writes of how the persecutions assumed an even sharper character in the autumn of 1935 when they culminated in a series of new laws. The effect of these laws was among other things that 435,000 Jews and 10,000 non-Aryan Christians lost their civil rights and even the means of earning a livelihood. The aim of the National-Socialists was "partly to deprive all who displeased them, particularly the Jews, of their civil and political rights; partly to exclude them from the political, cultural, and economic life of the country."

More than 80,000 people have been obliged to leave Germany in the course of the last three years. The others have stayed on, hoping that conditions would improve, but this hope has not been fulfilled. They are still prevented from occupying any kind of paid position in Germany or practicing any profession outside their own non-Aryan "Ghetto," which, as the High Commissioner says, has again closed 'round them.

No secret is made of the aim of this policy. It is a Germany cleansed of all non-Aryans and other so-called undesirable elements. Nor of the means. After the passing of the Nürnberg laws, the German Chancellor stated in the Reichstag that they embodied the Government's attempt at a legal adjustment of the Jewish Question, so that the German people might find a tolerable attitude towards the Jews. Should this policy fail, however, the Chancellor added that "the finding of the final solution of the problem would be delegated to the National-Socialist party."

Since 1934 the German government has pronounced 4,000 men and women to be without nationality. Thousands of others are without national status, although they have not been legally deprived of their nationality. Thousands more have been deprived of their passports, although they are German subjects, and even those who still possess both their valid passports and their nationality are actually without national status, since all consular and diplomatic authorities refuse to give them necessary papers and other protection as Germans. In countless cases their passports have even been confiscated by their own consuls.

These people, who have been robbed of everything, their country, their property, their money, and even of the possibility of beginning life anew in another country, have until quite recently had that *point-d'appui* which at any rate protected them against the injustice and the ruthlessness that had driven them out of their own country; namely, the right to sanctuary. Even this, however, their last remaining right, they are now in single cases and in single countries beginning to lose. Undeservedly they have lost all the rights to which every human being is heir; and now, as undeservedly, they are losing this last refuge of despair. Hitherto they have hardly realized, amid all their other miseries, how precious this right to sanctuary is. Now when some of them have already lost it, they begin to feel the world crumbling beneath their feet. The last defense between them and their persecutors is disappearing, and they stand face to face with concentration camps, imprisonment, utter neglect and death.

In a letter to the High Commissioner, the Committee preparing for the International Conference on "The Right to Sanctuary," to be held in Paris in June, 1937, informs him that five German refugees have been handed over to *Gestapo** by the Belgian authorities. "The case is so much more serious in that it concerns political refugees, one of whom, according to a piece of intelligence we have received, is on account of his 'opinions' threatened with the death penalty."

But these five are not the only ones. At the Danish frontier, also, incidents occur that alarm and disquiet all who think that the Danish state ought not to break the rules it has kept sacredly hitherto.

Geneva, Switzerland.

*The Nazi secret police.—EDITOR.

WHO'S WHO IN OUR AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

A book of intimate facts about the people who run your government. 136 pages with tables and charts.

Gives party affiliations, place of birth, racial descent, religious and fraternal affiliations, previous occupation and political offices held, and military service rendered, for the president, Supreme Court, cabinet, heads of bureaus, senators and representatives of the U. S. Also contains the Constitution, Declaration of Independence and miscellaneous information on government and political affairs.

For sale by The Fellowship Forum, 1065 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, D. C. Price: 50 cents, stamps or coin. Order your copy today.